

2-2-1866

## Portland Daily Press: February 02, 1866

Follow this and additional works at: [https://digitalmaine.com/pdp\\_1866](https://digitalmaine.com/pdp_1866)

---

### Recommended Citation

"Portland Daily Press: February 02, 1866" (1866). *Portland Daily Press, 1866*. 28.  
[https://digitalmaine.com/pdp\\_1866/28](https://digitalmaine.com/pdp_1866/28)

This Text is brought to you for free and open access by the Portland Daily Press at Digital Maine. It has been accepted for inclusion in Portland Daily Press, 1866 by an authorized administrator of Digital Maine. For more information, please contact [statedocs@maine.gov](mailto:statedocs@maine.gov).



DAILY PRESS,  
PORTLAND.

**Friday Morning, February 2, 1886.**

*The daily value of the Press is larger than the combined circulation of all the other dailies in the city.*

**Terms—\$5.00 per year in advance.**

**Reading Matter on all Four Pages.**

**Henry McCauland.**

Thirty-six years ago last August there died one of the narrow and gloomy cells of the Kennebec Co Jail in Augusta, a man whose terrible men and strange history attracted the curious and commanded the fears of nearly every man, woman and child, who was told of his village, and had time to behold so singular a creature and listen to his tragical narrative.

This was the venerable Henry McCauland.

LAND. In that stone cell, "solitary and alone," he spent a life of thirty-two years—"between the ages of 36 and 72"—awaiting, and all the

death, for the crime of wilful murder—a sentence upon him which, though he was found unequal to the punishment, he was never pronounced upon him! His person was one of the noblest specimens of the genus *homo*—full six feet in height, well proportioned in body and limbs, straight, erect, with a kingly countenance, and a flowing beard of snowy whiteness, which he wore for all that time, had felt only the friendly salutations of a huge horse-mane comb. Like the beard of the great Hovev prest, it "waxed down to the skirts of his garment." It was a beard not common or fashionable then, as it is now; but for his modern imitators, to exhibit such a beard, he would have been unbarbered, whilst the

The circumstances of his life-long imprisonment, without sentence, or execution of legal punishment, were very singular, and will afford a narration even at the present day.

HENRY McCASLAND was a mill-wright at Gardiner. He was a patriot of the Revolution, and served his country well in the war for Independence. During a violent religious excitement, produced by certain New Light men, he became a convert; and his impressions were so strong, that he thought he held direct spiritual communication with the Almighty, which required him, in order to insure His final favor, to, make a *Burnt Offering* and a *Sacrifice*. On every other subject but that of religion, he was perfectly rational; but on this he was deluded, in fact, a monomaniac. For a time he

relisted, the clearer were his visions and the thicker came the texts of Scripture which urged him to "obey God rather than man." But what should be his burnt offering? where should he find the victim for sacrifice? These were revealed to him on this wise: there was an English Episcopal Church in Gardiner, built by its legalized patron, *William Gardiner*, for whose name the town was called. This church, in the Mother of the New Lights, was a child of the Pharaoh of Hates—the whore of Rome! It was a proud, scornful enemy of true religion and of its revivals. The edifice where Satan had his sanctuary must needs be put out of the way; and therefore, was doomed for a burnt offering. Accordingly on the night of the 22d of A-

sons and repaired to the church which had  
soon succeeded in burning to the ground.  
That same patron of the church had no wife  
but a married woman who kept his house, and  
who, as McCausland believed, had given birth  
to three illegitimate children by the church  
patron, thereby committing "the unpardon-  
able sin," against the three persons of the  
blessed Trinity—the Father, the Son, and the  
Holy Ghost. Evidently she was a proper vic-  
tim for the Sacrifice. It happened that upon  
a certain night in October, this woman, Miss  
Warren, was called to watch with a sick sis-  
ter upon the Lobcosses stream. Thither he repair-  
ed at midnight by means of his canoe, entered  
the house and sick room without ceremony  
and proceeded to the discharge of his duty.

head of her sick sister, supporting her aching back upon her own bosom. McC. had taken no weapon or instrument of death with him, knowing that if the Lord had called him to make the sacrifice, he would provide him with the means; and so, casting his eyes on the head-board, he espied a newly sharpened butcher knife stuck to the beam: "And then," said he, "all I had to do was to take down that knife with one hand, while I seized her head with the other, and draw it sharply across her throat—and she bled to death like a stuck calf!"

He had now fulfilled his mission, and cheerfully surrendered himself to suffer the penalty of the law. This was a part of the programme which he coveted as much as the

righteousness' sake" and thus go to heaven as a reward for obeying the command of God. He was immediately arrested; the Grand Jury found a bill of indictment against him for murder in the first degree, and he was brought before the full bench of Supreme Court and arraigned for trial. When the clerk read the indictment to him, and, at its conclusion, inquired him to say whether he pleads *guilty* or *not guilty* to the charge, with a clear voice as an honest face, he responded,—"GUILTY." The Judges, believing that the man was more of a monomaniac than a base murderer, did not wish him to put in that plea, but desired that he should plead *not guilty*, in order that the Jury might bring in such a verdict as would exonerate the State.

than that of death, which as the law  
was, could be obviated only by Executive  
pardon that would not be safe in his case.  
so the Chief Justice said to him, that he  
not bound to plead guilty to the charge; it  
was a thing for the Government to prove; a  
he earnestly advised him to withdraw  
plea he had made, and, instead thereof,  
in the plea of *Not Guilty*. "What?" exclaim-  
ed the prisoner, Mr. Causland, "would  
Honorable Justice of the Supreme Court  
Massachusetts advise me to lie to their Hono-  
*I did kill the woman; I meant to kill her*  
*am guilty, and want to suffer the penalty*  
*which the Court do.* They could  
find *it* their duty to order him hung; and  
then, if they directed the Sheriff to

the prison, and he was not allowed to come and leave him there to *await his sentence*. And there he staid in that murderer's cell *awaiting sentence* from Oct. 20, 1794 to Aug. 27, 1795, a period which, with a year's confinement for trial wanted only two months of *this six years*, when death released him from a prison that had so long been his solitary home, and from a world whose bright sun and green fields he had not seen for more than third of a century.

As often as the Court sat during all time, he never failed to send word to Judges by his Jailer, respectfully requesting them to explain why they neglected their duty in his case, and demanding that they should pronounce the sentence due him; but

He was an object of great curiosity.



**BALL.**—The Grand Fireman's Military Ball, by the Dirigo Association, fifth annual ball,—comes off this evening at City Hall. There will be a gay and shining, as the managers know how to see matters to perfection.







